THE

Johnson Journal

November - 1930

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER — 1929 NO. 1

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief — [illegible]
Literary Editor — [illegible]
Art Editor — [illegible]
Humor Editor — [illegible]
News Editor — [illegible]
Sports Editor — [illegible]
Exchange Editor — [illegible]
Typists — [illegible]

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager — [illegible]
Advertising Manager — [illegible]
Circulation Manager — [illegible]
Faculty Adviser — Miss Elizabeth [illegible]

REPORTERS

Senior Class — [illegible]
Junior Class — [illegible]
Sophomore Class — [illegible]
Freshmen Class — [illegible]

Table of Contents

Staff
Dedication
Editor's Page
Literary
Athletics
Clubs
Jokes
Advertisements

THIS JOURNAL IS DEDICATED TO

Miss Veva M. Chapman

The entire school wishes to express its gratitude to Miss Veva Chapman, faculty adviser of the Johnson Journal for the last five years. The work which she accomplished during these years has been excellent and deserves the greatest praise. When she took it over, the financial status of the Journal did not represent exactly what it should have, but in the interval during which she had it in charge, she has made the paper pay for itself and this year there is a large amount remaining, which will go toward the year's issues and greatly aid the Staff. The Journals in the past year have been generally conceded the best four issues that the Staff has ever put out, and this, we all know, is greatly due to the faculty adviser. She has all the characteristics of the proverbial go-getter and urged the staff on at all times to still greater endeavor. Her advice and administration have been greatly appreciated by every member of the staff and under her supervision every issue came out on time and with greatest success. It is with real regret that we see Miss Veva Chapman relinquish her role as faculty adviser to the Johnson Journal, and we sincerely thank her for the work she contributed and her co-operation while with us.

EDITOR'S PAGE

ARE WE THE WORLD'S WORST?

The barber shop philosophers claim the world is going backwards, do not know where we will end, and thank their fortune they have not long to live. In their reasoning we are the cause, we are the guilty ones, frivolous and light minded in our ways. But among ourselves, we are just as good as they were, when they were under parental jurisdiction.

A secret joy seems to be taken in the expressions: "Hang up your clothes", "Put things where they belong", and "Shut the door behind you." And we are expected to do it. If we should comply with these and keep them constantly in our minds we would be too practical and too grown up. Because we do not do it they do not know where we will end, if ever.

We have one thousand chances and our luxuries make us lazy. We are going backwards and no one knows how far. This is the platform of the town's thinkers and they seem to revel in it. Those one thousand chances, impliedly thrown away, must not have been very attractive for we all need a little money. It is their claim that we are lazy. By chance we are, but that is our privilege. Every generation is expected to help its successor and had they had our luxuries the world would undoubtedly have stopped before today. If backward is our trend then we must, for certain, be the world's worst.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

Now that a new year has begun at Johnson High, one's attention is brought to the queer additions figuring in the school quota. Fires seem to be in play over the entire building, as one is rudely struck, pushed aside and passed by a freshman evidently intent on making 15 from 2 in the few seconds allotted between the ringing of the bells. This is also demonstrated after assembly in the morning, when the majority of the freshman class come tearing down the aisles, and make 8 before the upper classmen have left their seats. The presiding member seems to be much more lenient in this respect than she was in the infant days of the writer, perhaps because of the amazing adaptability they have shown in mastering the dead language. This study, although practically extinct, still seems to be very popular with Johnson High School students, and books used in the solving and study thereof are in constant circulation. The freshmen seem to be advancing readily, the sophomores as well as could be expected, and the juniors and seniors condensed, daily bear out the fact that minds all seem to work in the same direction, since the translation, if won by one, is won by all, and vice versa. (The instructor will, no doubt, inform you that it is usually vice versa.)

The popularity, which belonged formerly to the boiler room and was proved real popularity, seems to have shifted to the scene of the bell.

Students interested in biology will find many interesting specimens for observation here.

The football team, which is evidently on a milk diet, as waitresses in the lunch room can testify, seems to get a great deal of nourishment from this source since what is passed over the counter tides them along 'til lunch room next opens. The interest and attention of the entire school, and, one may add, city (North Andover) and neighboring towns has been with the Johnson High School football team this season. Except for some of the helmets being a bit too small for certain heads belonging to members of the team, it has met few difficulties. The attention and the interest of the school also should be called (and no doubt has been called to the attention of the townspeople) to the enthusiastic response made by the Johnson fans, when their men are being slaughtered on the field. The season started out well with leaders who tried valiantly to establish a squad. Their efforts, however, proved to be in vain, since when they arrived on the field, the result was merely a duet. The students, who are either too lazy or too much the ladies and gentlemen of leisure should keep away from the football field rather than let the townspeople see the deplorable spirit of the school. The opinion which the team holds for this appreciation of their endeavor and efforts, could not be aired, and one may be sure that their efforts are not going to be doubly increased by the poor support of their Alma Mater.

"WE SALUTE THEE, MONTOVA NO"

One thousand years have intervened since the poet Virgil laid aside his pen and mounted the golden stairs. Thus, in commemoration, twenty centuries pay respect to the poet whose works have carried through the ages the Latin language.

Oct. 15 marked his bi-millenium. That of Caesar occurred a few years ago but by whom was it celebrated? The thoughts and writings of Virgil are eternal, while the military tactics of Caesar were only for the day.

Universities around the world are giving recognition to the anniversary through the medium of dinners, tours, and lectures. Trees taken from the settings of his poems are planted in Mantua, his home town; Virgilian clubs have been designed to read weekly the poems of the author; and a Virgilian calendar for 1930 containing his quotations for every day of the week, sells for two cents.

"The Georgics" is unquestionably the standard of perfection in Latin writings. Virgil labored over this for seven years, an after war period, writing a line and a half a day. Thought requires time, and time to him must not have been as it is to us. The Aeneid of Virgil was fashioned after the Odyssey and as an author has stated, "He gilded gold that was refined."

All his works are immortal and carry his name farther than any cold and silent statue.

Our school is commemorating the event through a Latin note book, kept by Miss Sargent. There is contained in this book articles and pictures pertaining to this poet, which are contributed by the Latin scholars.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

During the past few weeks I had missed many things from my desk. I actually thought I would have to

lock the desk until I advertised in your Journal. Why, now, locking my desk is the farthest thing from my mind. I am now advertising for my desk.

SKIPPING SENIORS AND GYPPING FRESHMEN

A remarkable example has been set for the remaining classes by the seniors, who have, with no doubt in anyone's mind, won the leather medal for doing the fading-out act at every possible opening. After electing a member of their class to carry on their business affairs for them, they promptly decided, evidently, that a thing wasn't worth doing, if it wasn't done well, so they left every matter which came up for discussion, entirely to his management. May one be allowed to say that they have certainly done well?

The freshman class has the good wishes of the entire school for their success, since they seem to be excellently cut out for the same. Beside being the most talkative class which has graced Johnson for a number of years, it is also the most productive. At a class meeting called for the election of officers it was a great surprise to find that 96 votes were cast, with only 91 members present. They will no doubt get on in the world!

OLD FAITHFUL

All the world gives recognition to Old Faithful. On the upper floor it stands majestic in its solitary reign of water-fountain. Sherlock Holmes is not needed to detect it for it erupts forty-seven times a day. All the elements of beauty are within its confines and it is the most powerful drinking fountain east of Suez. People gather from all over the school just to view it in action. If you personally have the unrestrained desire to see everything in Johnson, do not miss Old Faithful.

Caution: Do not stand in its utmost proximity! A freshman once suffered bended eye-brows by attempting to drink while our character was in action.

Old Faithful has a vague apprehension of the teachers and never erupts when their majesties are drinking.

Many occupations are credited to our friend from which we quote a few:

It is employed to wash the ceiling and flood the hall-way and also maintains the honor of a waste-basket, and confidentially, did you know you could drink from Old Faithful? Catch the drops in the palm of your hand as they fall from the ceiling. Thus, with the former carefully intact, crawl to the first floor, push the self-restraining button of its fountain and rely on prohibition for your drink.

Robert M. Gagne '32

LITERARY

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

There were nine ahead of me. Would my turn never come? How could I ever hope to see the President before the *Times* went to press? And yet I had to! I had to see him if it were only for one moment. I

couldn't let that article of Douglas go to press without giving the President an opportunity to speak. Why there were thousands who could condemn Lincoln without a second's consideration. I had to get that word. If I didn't, the President would lose his last backer.

The door opened. Nine backs other than mine immediately straightened with anticipation, with new-born hope. A bent-over negress with unabashed tears coursing down her wrinkled cheeks appeared clutching tightly a scrap of paper. With a sob of joy she cried, "He's freed maw son."

There was a sound as though a body, heavy with weariness, was clumsily lowered into a chair, and a voice loaded with a pained gentleness called, "Senator, won't you come in?"

And so it was down through the waiting line. Every face that came out of that door showed a thankfulness, a happiness, a devotion beyond description. Despair indeed had winged feet for all who entered that sacred door. Oh! that all might know him for what he really was; that all might hear that kindly voice.

A soothing sureness swept over me. Time no longer mattered. The nearness of that mighty presence reassured me that all would be well. And this feeling became more a certainty when the ninth person in the form of a little boy came dashing out of that door joyously hugging the President's own beloved dog which he had given him to take the place of the little dog that had been killed.

And then I was in that room at last! I needed only one glance into those kindly eyes to tell me that I had been successful—that Douglas's article would not go to press without a challenge.

R. Stork '31.

CHIVALRIC IDEALS IN MODERN TIMES

It is surprising how the ethics of an age, separated by a gulf of fifteen centuries, can leap the chasm and do for us what they did for the knight of yore. Those ancient ethics embodied duty to one's self, God, women, and the king. If we lovers of freedom and equality of man substitute the word country for king, we can find an acceptable code.

In Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Gareth gives a list of ideals in, "follow the king, follow the Christ, live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king." Let us see which have been eliminated in our opinions of perfection. Christianity and its ethics still govern us. We all revere a pure living person. Benjamin Franklin shows us that to this day "Honesty is the best policy." But as for righting wrong, modern man is spared the task by the civil authorities, where ancient man was law himself, so that the best we can do is to do no wrong ourselves.

In the "Story of Elaine", Malory lets Sir Lancelot clothe Gareth in the attire of nobleness. "And he is a gentle knight, courteous, true and bounteous, meek and mild, and in him is no manner of mal-engyn but plain, faithful and true." Gentleness, courtesy and truth are invincible, prevailing not only in the western world but also in such teachings as of Confucius. Man seems to have some inherent greed. It would be a great factor toward perfection if it were overcome. Meekness is not an admired quality. At least a follower of Nietzche would not think so, for meekness is weakness and suc-

cess demands strength. I do not disapprove of the plainness mentioned. Franklin and Thoreau both practised it, yet this is a complex world.

And so we see that time is not a barrier to ethics, but rather a weeding contrivance, which discards the worthless and lets the more noble and fit survive.

Frank Ringalo '32

A DREAM OF MINE

Of course, being a mere child compared to all the well-known and influential individuals who have made a distinct success in life, I cannot firmly and decisively state my intentions in regard to the life I shall lead at the end of my educational career. I say career, which you may wonder at, but then, cannot the duration of one's school term be considered a career? Certainly it has its pitfalls, its possibilities for the greatest success, its disappointments and pleasures, and undoubtedly is the foundation of the life work of a great many people. Therefore, at different stages of my career, I have desired to attain different ends, to obtain different positions, to go to different places, and to do different things. At one point in the game I desired to be a telephone operator, at another, a waitress in a cafeteria, and went at one time or another from a minister's wife (which office needs a great deal of skill and tact) down to a post-mistress in a Cape Cod village!

My latest leaning toward genius came in the form of an article in *The Woman's Home Companion* (purchased at your nearest newsstand for 10 cents per copy) written by Zöe Beckley, a journalist. Her exciting accounts of her experiences at home and abroad have kept me interested in the work which she represents. Also, an important feature when determining one's life work, the financial income is satisfactory, if not mythical. I have always liked the idea of work along a literary line, and enjoy the thought of writing as I travel (expenses paid). I am taking up languages, as I think this will help out in case of my deciding upon a literary career, rather than mathematics and the different sciences. I like to write and my ideas, if rather odd, are at least original!

At the close of my so-called career, which will have been a stupendous success, I shall buy a vine-covered cottage with no upstairs, (stairs make me nervous—I have a weird habit of falling down them) a fireplace and window seats, and live in luxury and ease, 'til the close of the great career of life, with a canary, a cat, and a cow.

Dorcas Curley '32.

MY DAILY BREAD

"Oh God, that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap,"

as the woman in Hood's "Song of the Shirt" so sadly bewails. How many times I have read these lines and wished they were not so absolutely true! If they weren't I wouldn't have to worry about means of securing this much-mentioned bread. However, from earliest childhood, I have heard that "bread's the staff of life." And at last realizing that this is true I have stopped a moment to figure.

I shall, no doubt, live at least seventy more years or twenty-five thousand, five hundred and fifty days longer. Realizing (as Fate has always played against me) that probably I shall be denied both a place in the Bread Line and a Lady Boun-

tiful for supplying clothes, I fear I must work to supply myself with one loaf of Betsy Ross each day. That means twenty-five thousand, five hundred and fifty loaves at twelve cents per loaf or three thousand (3,000) dollars! Oh, undoubtedly I must work. And now that that's decided —what's my calling?

My calling, I find after great thought, is Social Work. I would be in surroundings which would make me feel at home. I would be working with a type of people which are easy to get along with, (in fact the only type which I can get along with) and the pay will not be too bad. I have heard that there is a great future in it and I doubt if the field will be over crowded.

When I have washed nine thousand, six hundred and forty-two faces I will pack my bags, leave the slums and make for my pal in the country where we will lead a happy domestic life. We'll do nothing all day long but doze in the sun and watch with interest the doings of her canary, cat and cow.

Ruth Buchan '32.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOISES

To me, the noisiest place on the whole earth is the neighborhood in which I live. Although I reprove myself: "Perhaps it is only my imagination," or "Every person thinks his neighborhood is the noisiest," my real opinion does not change in the least. If I were given a choice between our community and Danvers, I think I should try the river.

The hubbub, of course, is very disconcerting, because it is almost impossible to take a nap. One afternoon, after writing a theme, my feet were very tired, so I attempted to rest. It was not long before I was rewarded with a slight sound, like an explosion of dynamite, and then a racket which I concluded to be an electric washing machine, which noise can best be described as of an elephant pulling his foot out of the mud. Dogs yelped gleefully, but discordantly, and raspingly. In spite of all these things, I went to sleep, for I was used to it.

There is one noise which disturbs me (actually!), and I awoke immediately when I heard it. My neighbor was fixing his horn (a biweekly occurrence). Now, as a rule, horns don't bother me, but when a horn sounds like a tongue-tied calf drowning in mud, I draw the line. I arose. My eardrums, long ago shattered, tingled to this clamor. The shattering blows of a riveter, the slosh of an electric washer, the drone of a vacuum cleaner, a superheterodyne going full blast, howls of obstreperous canines, and to top it all, the sickening toot of a horn, fell crashingly on my tympanum all at the same time. I said something, but I couldn't hear what I said, and nobody else could, thank goodness. I don't know what I did then; the rest is blank.

Surely you think there is some compensation? Yes, there is. I can get back at them. I can play my saxophone.

Robert M. Gagne '32

THE TRAGIC FIGHT IN THE FOREST

Cold winter lay deep in the Canadian wilderness. Over it the moon was rising like a red ball, lighting up the vast white silence of the night in a shimmering glow. A frozen lake lay revealed in the light of the friendly moon and a billion stars. Beyond it rose the spruce forest, dark and forbidding. Along its nearer edges stood hushed walls of

tamaracks, bowed in the smothering clutch of snow and ice.

Suddenly there was a break in the silence, a weird thrilling sound like a great sigh, but not human. A huge buckdeer walked out into the glow of the moon. His magnificent head drooping under the weight of massive antlers was turned inquisitively across the lake toward the north. His nostrils were distended, his eyes glaring, and he left behind a streak of blood. An experienced hunter would have known that he was wounded unto death as he dragged his body out into the deep snow of the lake.

A dozen yards out from the tamaracks he stopped, head thrown high, long ears pitched forward, and nostrils held half to the sky. It is in this attitude that a deer listens. The keenest human hearing would have detected nothing. Yet to those long slender ears of the deer came a sound.

From beyond the barrier of spruce there soon came a sound that man might have heard, neither the beginning nor the end of a wail but something like it. Minute by minute it came more clearly. It was the distant hunting cry of the wolf pack, the dangerous menace to the wounded animals of the forest.

Instinct taught this to the lowly buck. His head drooped, and he set off at a slow trot toward the east. He was taking chances in thus crossing the open but to him the spruce forest was home. In his brute brain he reasoned that he could reach his destination before the wolves broke cover.

Again he stopped, so suddenly that his forward legs doubled under him and he pitched into the snow. From the direction of the wolf pack there echoed the ringing report of a high powered rifle. That day he had heard the same strange sound and it had brought mysterious and weakening pain to his vitals. With a supreme effort the buck regained his feet and plunged into the black and frozen forest.

Stillness fell again with the sound of the shot. It might have been five minutes or ten, when a long solitary howl floated from across the lake. It ended in the unmistakable quick yelp of a wolf on the trail, and an instant later was taken up by others until the pack was once more in full cry. The heroic old buck endeavored to increase his pace but the effort proved fruitless, for soon the wolves overtook the deer. The doomed monster turned and gamely stood his ground but the agile, powerful beasts fought with fiendish exertions and cruelties. The buck was dying by inches in this one-sided duel, but when it was over there would be more than one carcass for the survivors to feast upon. Amid the snapping of jaws and the snarling of hunger crazed animals a tragic cry rent the air. It was the last bellow of the dying king of the north.

Henry Kennedy '34

OLD FASHIONED FLOWERS

Old fashioned flowers! I love them all,
The morning glories on the wall,
The violets nestled by a brook,
And pansies in a shady nook.
Sweet columbine and mignonette
Against a peaceful background set.
Bright beds of pinks and larkspur blue,
Seem to reflect the sky's bright hue.

The foxgloves and the lilies tall,
Look down serenely over all;
And here and there about our feet
Peep out the gay primroses sweet.

The bees and butterflies all flock
Around the stately hollyhock,
Which stands so regal in the sun;
Old fashioned flowers! I love each one.

Jean Barker '33

AN AUTUMN DAY

The summer days have passed away
And the autumn now is here,
With its killing frosts and falling leaves
And days that are dark and drear.

As the skies grow gray on an autumn day
And the rain begins to fall,
We hear the hail in the rising gale
Of winter's far off call.

On such a day did you ever stray
Where the ocean's sullen roar,
Makes a thunderous beat as of many feet
Advancing on the shore?

Have you watched the spray as it seems to play,
On the crest of each breaker high,
As they're rolling in with a deafening din
That drowns the seagull's cry?

If you've not had a day, then steal away
When next the north wind blows,
And come with me down by the sea
Where the fall tides ebb and flow.

P. Downing '32

HOMICIDE IN WEST BOXFORD

One of the most exceptional and sensational cases in all of Hawkshaw's career happened in the town of West Boxford. Hawkshaw, you know, was a private detective, protector of mankind, with degrees of A.K., P.S., etc. I was greatly pleased when Hawkshaw rode over and asked me to accompany him to a town meeting in the city of West Boxford, which, if you look closely at a map, you will *not* find.

Although we arrived in West Boxford without accident, we had some difficulty getting in the town hall. They thought we were anarchists, because we wore derbies and had no roller skates. The meeting was full of interest, but I have a strong suspicion that Hawkshaw heard little of what was being said. His eyes constantly roved about the room and rested on an old bearded man, seated in the back corner of the hall, apparently asleep.

The speaker reached his climax, and the atmosphere was tense, even close, in the crowded hall. Of a sudden, Hawkshaw jumped up, and in the same instant, a low moan escaped from the old man in the corner. Hawkshaw rushed to him, but too late! He was dead.

"But who killed him?" I asked Hawkshaw, as we speeded over the wide West Boxford streets towards home.

"Deucedly simple, my dear Watkins," said he. "A pure and simple case of hypophrenic neurosis coupled with a touch of encephalitis was the true cause of his death."

"Why, of course," I said, growling under my breath, "how unpretentious it all seems after you have explained it. It's almost too simple!"

"You see," continued Hawkshaw, "the old man had a dread of old men's homes, and thought, in his subconscious mind, that he would rather die than go to an old man's home. You probably noticed that the speaker was advocating the building of a home of this sort, so the old man died. He really wanted to die in his

subconscious mind. Therefore the speaker was indirectly responsible for his death."

After this speech I was sure in my own conscious mind, that this would be Hawkshaw's last case. In other words, I was mad. There were two murders that night.

The next week I was thoroughly enjoying a London fog.

Robert Mills Gagne '32.

FOOLISH LITTLE FLY

Hung above the lunch room shelf,
Millions like you stuck so tight
That your wings are torn and tattered,
Struggling in a losing fight.

Dots of black against the yellow,
Nothing to the passers-by,
Every day your number's growing,
Every day more flies will die.

Why weren't you content to wander
Over sandwiches and cake?
Why'd you land on sticky paper
For your greedy stomach's sake?

Do you think how very foolish
Now that you are going to die,
'Twas to light on yellow paper?
Foolish little fly.

Dorcas Curley '32

ATHLETICS

Coach Hayes having obtained thirty tickets through the courtesy of Bill Bingham, Harvard athletic director, on Saturday, October 11th, the football squad attended the Harvard—Springfield game. The team was transported through the kindness of some of our boosters who provided six machines. The exciting game provided many pointers for the team. It was an enjoyable and successful trip in all respects.

FOOTBALL

To date the football team has played five games, winning two, tying two, and losing one.

The record is as follows:

Johnson	0	Newburyport	0
Johnson	6	Danvers	0
Johnson	35		
		Hampton Academy	3
Johnson	0	Methuen	0
Johnson	6	Manning	13
Johnson	47	Opponents	16

Newburyport was held scoreless through four periods of hard football. The fighting spirit of the Johnson team was evidenced when Newburyport was held for downs on the one-foot line. Johnson outplayed her opponent in every department. Ralph Stork scintillated, with Kelly and Bottomley doing some fine work.

Danvers was beaten 6-0. Bob Kelley, hard-running fullback scored on a short jaunt of 12 yards. Danvers was held for downs within the 5-yard stripe on three separate occasions.

Hampton was downed by the decisive score of 35-3. The feature of the game was Captain Stork's excellent running and line-plunging. Bottomley made several runs, including one of 25 yards for a touchdown. Dave Roberts, sophomore

halfback, contributed a 35 yard run to score a touchdown after intercepting a forward pass.

Johnson was favored to win over Methuen, but was held to a scoreless deadlock. Several scoring chances were lost through fumbles and bad passes. Stork, Bottomley and Kelley flashed in the backfield, with the line playing well.

Manning upset Johnson's hopes by pinning a 13-6 defeat on her. The game was played amidst a downpour. Johnson fumbles again wrought havoc with her chances. The pep and fight seemed to be lacking from the Red and Black team.

Bottomley featured with runs of 25 and 20 yards, coupled with two dashes of 12 yards, and innumerable short gains on line plunges.

The faculty and student body of Johnson High School extend a hearty welcome to the following new teachers:

Miss Glenna Kelly, a graduate of Tufts College, who is taking Miss Evelyn Haven's place teaching civics and history; Miss Edith Pierce, a Wellesley College graduate teaching business arithmetic, algebra, and English in place of Miss Dorothy Amazeen. Taking the position of Miss Katherine Lang who taught stenography and typewriting, we have Miss Dorothy Colburn, a Simmons College graduate. Miss Lucy Grünwahlt from the Massachusetts Agricultural College is introducing to Johnson two new subjects, home nursing and freshman science. It would be advisable for every girl to take home nursing for the practical knowledge gained would always be an asset. Just at present, the group of girls in this class is being taught bed making and the care and diet of the sick. Later they are to study physical hygiene and first aid.

"..AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER"

A little mouse sat under a chair in a gladioli-decorated room of a certain Groveland house. His eyes stood out, his mouth was agape, and his tongue lolling, for he was looking at a very pretty picture. A lovely young lady dressed in white chiffon, and carrying madonna lilies, was in the center of a group of her friends and relatives, looking very happy indeed as she smiled up at Mr. Woodworth Stoddard, her husband—now. The fateful day was Saturday, August 9th, 1930, and the heroine was none other than the teacher we used to know as Miss Dorothy Amazeen. The little mouse scampered off to tell the whole story to his cousin in Athol.

He arrived there on October 29, 1930, and what a surprise awaited him! The Athol mouse, instead of marvelling at his tale, commanded, "Follow, I lead." Now we find them comfortably seated up on the mantel in a room all prettily decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums.

"This is the wedding of Miss Evelyn Haven to Mr. Ralph Merrifield," whispered the Athol mouse, and they watched the affair with interest. 'Twas another case of "lovely lady dressed in white", but this one carried a beautiful bouquet of bride's roses. With an effort each mouse pulled his tongue in, and hitching up his lower jaw, strained to see who would get the bridal bouquet, and a kindly light sparkled in their eyes when they saw a laughing, light-haired, blue-eyed damsel get it straight between the eyes as a result of our red-headed goddess's accurate aim. (We do hope she won't be leaving us, too!) And so the story ends. You may not believe it, but I know it's true, 'cause the little mouse told me so himself.

Editor's note: We wish to explain that it was farthest from our intention to insinuate that the two brides' homes were overrun with rats and the whole management wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations.

The management of the Johnson Journal is always pleased to receive news of past graduates. The following have been called to the attention of the staff:

Morris L. Budnick, class of '26, and a graduate of Tufts College in 1930, is now mathematics instructor at Chelmsford High School.

George D. Knightly, '25 who graduated from Aurora College in 1930, is now assistant physical director, and instructor in civics and history at Chelmsford High School.

Clifford Gillespie, class of 1929, entered M. I. T. this fall.

Thomas F. Donlan, Jr., '29, also entered M. I. T. this fall.

Miss Clara Lois Curley, now a Junior at Framingham Normal School, received an honorary scholarship last year.

Malcolm Choate, '30, a freshman at Harvard College, received a scholarship recently.

Clayton C. Westbrook and Mildred A. Studley, both graduates with the class of 1925, were married on October 4th, at St. Paul's Church.

Marion E. Knightly, 1916, was married to Mr. Malcolm Curtis Wilson on October 11, at St. Paul's Church.

John B. Osgood, 1926, is now attending the Boston University School of Journalism.

Jack Armstrong, a graduate with the class of '27, spent a few days in North Andover this summer. He is now working in an office in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His brother, Fred H. Armstrong, '26, is now married and is landscape gardening down on the Cape.

Miss Sargent has kindly presented to the Journal Staff the following information concerning a gift of which the school is not yet informed.

"We have received from Mr. Matthew Manchester of Marblehead Street a very interesting and valuable collection of some minerals from Rumney. Among them is a fine specimen of mica.

Mr. Manchester was a member of the Class of 1881. The school is grateful to him for remembering them."

CLASS OF 1930

Ruth Abbott—At home.
Richard Baganski—At home.
Mabel Barwell—Studying the organ.
Margaret Bower—Colby Junior College.
William Bower—Massachusetts Agricultural College.
Francis Boyle—At work.
Verna Cass—Burdett College.
Elizabeth Cassidy—Caring for children.

[redacted]

Charlotte Cy[illegible] Johnson.

Gladys Dill—Lawrence Commercial School.

Isabella Dimery—To train for nursing.

Louise Espey—At home.

William Greenler, Jr.—Preparatory Greek at Boston College.

Elsie Hargreaves—At home.

Laura Holt—Burdett College.

Dorothy Jackson—Caring for children.

J. Zygmond Koper—Post-graduate at Johnson.

A. Gusta Larson—At work.

Helen Lawler—To train for nursing.

Catherine Lyons—At home.

Teresa Michlun—Lawrence Commercial School.

Albert E. Moran—Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Grace Morris—At home.

Sarah Movsesian—At work.

David Parker—At work.

Howard Paulson—Northeastern University.

Althea Perley—Chandler's Secretarial School.

James Phelan, Jr.—St. James, Haverhill.

Phyllis Pitman—To train for nursing.

Frances Rea—Burdett College.

Viola Roberts—At work.

David Sellars—At work.

Sarah Silverstein—At work.

Eunice Smith—Caring for children.

Kent Stevenson—At home.

Charles A. Stillwell—Post-graduate at Johnson.

Thomas Wilkinson — Post-graduate at Johnson.

JUNIOR RING

The Junior Class, after much debate and discussion, has chosen the ring which Mr. Robinton, representing the Balfour Company, presented to the Ring Committee. It is of yellow gold with an onyx stone surmounted by a golden crest with the word Johnson inscribed on it. It also has one of the latest features in modernistic rings, two or three steps on the shank leading up to the crest. It is agreed by the majority of the class that the ring is appropriate and of distinguished appearance. Mr. Robinton has consulted the members of the class concerning the measurements, and the rings are expected to arrive about December 1st.

During the latter part of October, Blanche Downing, a freshman at Johnson, won recognition from poetic critics when a poem of her creation was published in the Boston Sunday Herald. For the two artistic verses she was awarded a prize by the newspaper.

In addition, three times she has received honorable mention for poems she has submitted.

Her drawings also have won applause, and she has been accredited honorable mention on numerous occasions.

The following poem written by Miss Downing was published on October 19, 1930:

"Some men smile in the evening;
Some men smile at dawn;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his two front teeth are gone."

Grandma: "Where have you been all the afternoon, Mary?"

Mary: "Out in the hammock with my beloved Charles Dickens."

Grandma: "If I hear of any more such scandalous proceedings I shall write to your mother."

OVERHEARD ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD:

Ratcliffe: "I have it."

Someone: "Close your mouth or you'll swallow it."

John Hanson: "My, how fast your heart is beating!"

Phyllis Joyce: "Yes, that's the call to arms."

Prof.: "Why don't you answer me?"

Student: "I did shake my head."

Prof.: "Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle way up here?"

Miss Cook: "This is the worst recitation I ever heard. I had to do most of it myself."

The saddest news of the month is the story of the ambitious man who joined the navy to see the world and spent four years in a submarine.

Lyons: "Do you like moving pictures?"

Kennedy: "Sure."

Lyons: "Come down to my house after school, I have a lot of pictures up in the attic that I want down cellar."

JUST A VESPER HYMN

Love me a little,
Love me lots:
I'll throw you flowers
In flower pots.—California Pelican.

Aaronian (wishing to be excused from school on a rainy Monday)—

Red: "Miss Sargent, I have a headache today. May I go home?"

Miss Sargent: "What's the matter, Lawrence?"

Red: "I think I have brain fever from studying too much."

Miss Sargent: "Oh, yes, I thought I saw you limping today."

The Boy Friend (calling up his girl): "Hello, dear, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

She: "I'd love to, dear."

He: "Well, tell your mother I'll be over early."—Williams Purple Cow.

Mrs. Dziadosz: "Have some more pudding, son?"

Joe: "Awfully good—just a mouthful."

Mrs. Dziadosz: "Hannah, fill up Joe's plate."

GRADUATE!

Every undergraduate of Johnson High School should graduate if possible before considering a course at the

LAWRENCE COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Edward D. McIntosh, Principal

316 ESSEX STREET LAWRENCE, MASS.

A. B. SUTHERLAND CO.

LARGEST STORE IN LAWRENCE

Fully equipped at all times with the best merchandise produced by this and foreign countries

Best Values on all lines obtainable

A. B. SUTHERLAND CO.

LAWRENCE MASSACHUSETTS

[Marie Mitchell Cohen]

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.

455 ESSEX STREET TEL. 25578

FOR QUALITY

RUBBERS
RUBBER BOOTS
OVERSHOES
RAINCOATS
OIL SLICKERS

LEATHER COATS
SKI COATS
SHEEPSKIN COATS
SWEATERS
SKATES

ZUBER-CHOATE CO.

The Home of College Hall Clothes

559 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.

Compliments of

SAUNDERS' STUDIO

Special Rates to Graduates

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Compliments of

BROADWAY SAVINGS BANK

454 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Central Service Station

Goodyear Tires
Socony Gasoline and Motor Oils

ED. McINNES
Proprietor
RAILROAD SQUARE
Tel. 21717

Compliments of

GLENNIE'S MILK

YOU'LL FIND IT AT TREAT'S
Complete line of high grade sporting goods
BASEBALL BASKETBALL FOOTBALL
TRACK EQUIPMENT TENNIS GOLF
WINTER SPORTS SPORTS CLOTHING

TREAT HARDWARE CORPORATION

582 Essex Street Dial 5115 Broadway
LAWRENCE, MASS.
The House that Stands for Quality

COLLEGE CLOTHES
Our Specialty
Suits $25. Two Pairs Trousers
Tel. 4583

Edwd. J. Koffman
LAWRENCE, MASS
CLOTHIER

Tel. 4583

FRED GARDNER'S
TEMPLE OF MUSIC
"The Home of Standard Merchandise"
Service Always—Always Service
379 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.

Textile Machinery

CARD CLOTHING
AND
NAPPER CLOTHING

Freeman J. Davis says

If you want to listen in—he'll give you the lowdown on all Macartney's New University type clothes—Suits - shirts - ties - shorts—The whole shebang....Call for Freeman Davis at

MACARTNEY'S

431 ESSEX STREET

Lawrence's Biggest—Busiest and Best Mens' and Boys' Store

Compliments of

DR. F. P. McLAY

DENTIST

We carry a complete line of Personal Greeting Cards for Christmas

PERKINS' DRUG STORE

Compliments of

A. P. CURRIER & CO.

CROSS BOOK SHOP

19 Lawrence Street

LAWRENCE MASS.

Books **Cards**

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE

284 Essex Street

LAWRENCE MASS.

Compliments of

Betsy Ross

Bread

Sliced or Unsliced

Compliments of

Dr. M. P. Curren

DENTIST

J. VENTRE

Ladies' and Gents' Custom Tailor

Cleaning Pressing
Repairing

MAIN STREET

Compliments of

Longbottom's Markets

Compliments of

Dr. C. M. SAVILLE

DENTIST

MAURICE C. CASEY

Real Estate and Insurance of all Kinds

54 Water St. No. Andover

Compliments of

NO. ANDOVER COAL CO.

Compliments of

Finneran's Drug Store

130 Main St., No. Andover

Compliments of

JOHNSON HIGH

LUNCH ROOM

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS OF 1932

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS OF 1933

Cross Coal Co.

Beacon Anthracite

and

New England Coke

SMITH & COUTTS CO.

-:- Printers -:-

BOOK AND COMMERCIAL

PRINTING - ENGRAVING

4 PARK STREET ANDOVER

ESSEX SAVINGS BANK

ASSETS, $29,860,000

DIVIDENDS 5%

For Last Fourteen Years

The 5 "S's"

The Footprints of this Institution are Known as

SAFETY
SECURITY
SERVICE
SATISFACTION
STRENGTH

Bay State National Bank

The only National Bank in Lawrence

Founded 1847